

*The Historie of*

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,  
And shewde thou makest some tender of my life  
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prin.* O God, they did me too much iniurie,  
That euer sayd, I harkened to your death:  
If it were so, I might haue let alone  
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,  
Which would haue been as speedy in your end,  
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,  
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

*Kin.* Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gawsey.* *Exit*

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*

*Prin.* Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is *Harry Percy.*

*Prin.* Why then I see a very valiant Rebelle of that name.

I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,  
To share with me in glory any more:  
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,  
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,  
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales.*

*Hot.* Now shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come,  
To end the one of vs; and would to God,  
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

*Prin.* Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,  
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest  
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

*They fight. Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you shall find no Boyes  
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaffe, he falls downe as  
if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh *Harry*, thou hast robd me of my youth,  
I better broke the losse of brittle Life,  
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of me,  
They wound my thoughts worfe, then the sword my flesh:

*But*

*Henry the fourth*

But thought's the slaue of life, and  
And time, that takes suruay of all  
Must haue a stop. O, I could prop  
But that the Earth, and cold hand  
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, tho  
And food for

*Prin.* For Wormes, braue *Percy*.  
Ill weau'd Ambition, how much a  
When that this body did contain  
A Kingdome for it, was too small  
But now two paces of the vilest Ea  
Is roome enough: this Earth that  
Beares not alie so stout a Gentler  
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,  
I should not make so great a shew  
But let my fauours hide thy mangle  
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thank  
For doing these faire rites of tende  
Adieu, and take thy prayse with th  
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in th  
But not remembred in thy Epitaph

*He spieth Falstaffe on the*

What, old acquaintance, could no  
Keepe in a litle life? poore *Iacke* fa  
I could haue better spard a better n  
O, I should haue a heauy misse of  
If I were much in loue with vaniti  
Death hath not strooke so faire a D  
Though many dearer in this bloo  
Imboweld will I see thee by and b  
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* l

*Falstaffe risseth*

*Fal.* Imboweld? if thou imbow  
leau to powder me, and eate me t  
time to counterfeite, or that hot te  
scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I an  
be a counterfeit, for he is but the  
hath not the life of a man; but to co

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